

EXCITING NEW ADVENTURES

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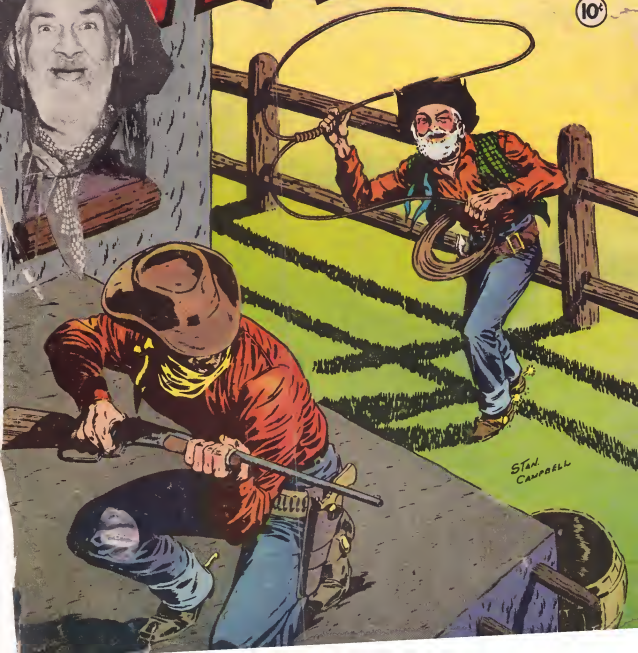
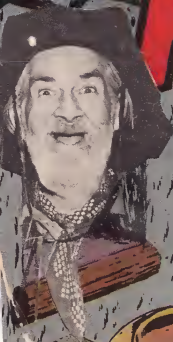


AUTHORITY

GABBY HAYES

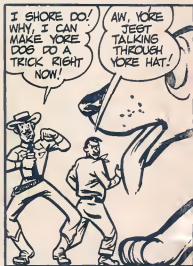
A CHARLTON PUBLICATION

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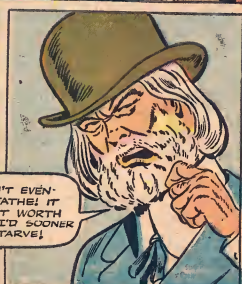
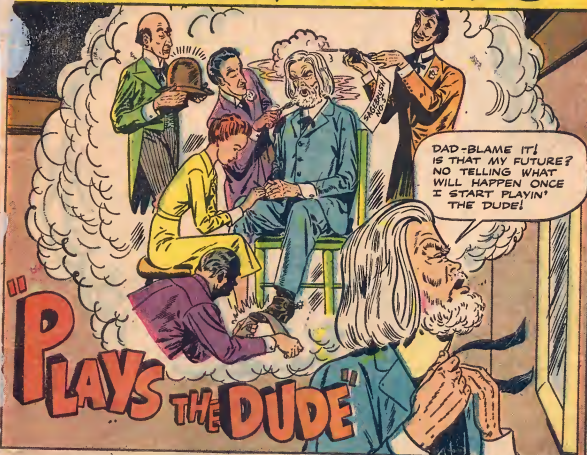
COWBOY CAL

EXPERT DOG TRAINER

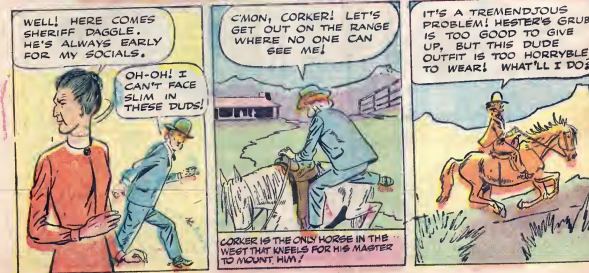


GABBY HAYES

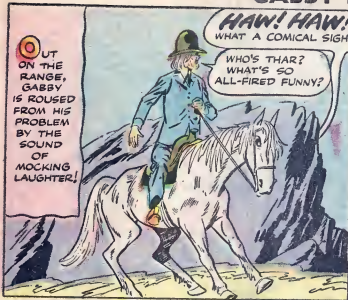
GABBY HAYES



GABBY HAYES



GABBY HAYES



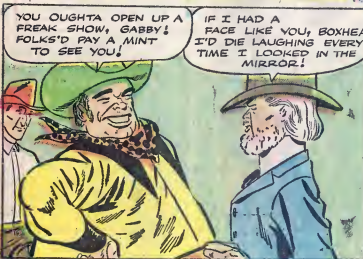
OUT ON THE RANGE, GABBY IS ROUSED FROM HIS PROBLEM BY THE SOUND OF MOCKING LAUGHTER!

HAW! HAW!
WHAT A COMICAL SIGHT!
WHO'S THAR?
WHAT'S SO
ALL-FIRED FUNNY?



BOXHEAD HIGGS
AND THE BOYS
FROM HASHKNIFE
RANCH! TOUGH
HOMBRES--BUT
I AIN'T TAKIN'
SASS FROM NO
ONE!

MY, MY! WHAT
A PURTY SIGHT
YOU MAKE!



YOU OUGHTA OPEN UP A
FREAK SHOW, GABBY!
FOLKS'D PAY A MINT
TO SEE YOU!

IF I HAD A
FACE LIKE YOU, BOXHEAD,
I'D DIE LAUGHING EVERY
TIME I LOOKED IN THE
MIRROR!

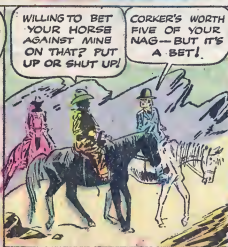


STIFF COLLAR
'N ALL! WHAT
A PITY! BUT
THEN YOU
NEVER WAS
MUCH OF A
PUNCHER
ANYWAY!

WHAT!?
DAD-BLAME
IT! IT'S ONLY
ME THAT
KEEPS THE
BAR O RANCH
FROM GOIN'
TO POT!

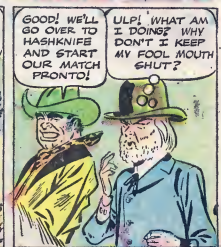


WHAT'S MORE, I
CAN STILL OUT-SHOOT,
OUT-RIDE, AND
OUT-RASSLE YOU,
BOXHEAD HIGGS!



WILLING TO BET
YOUR HORSE
AGAINST MINE
ON THAT? PUT
UP OR SHUT UP!

CORKER'S WORTH
FIVE OF YOUR
NAG--BUT IT'S
A BET!

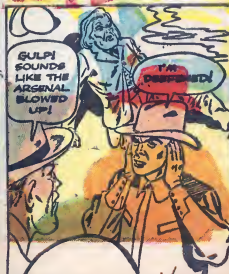
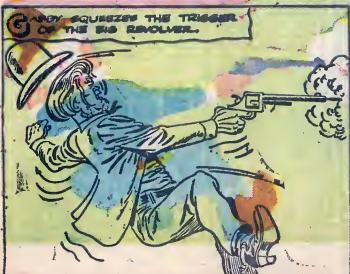
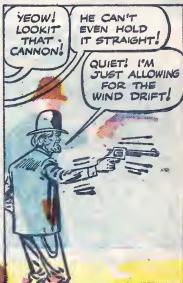
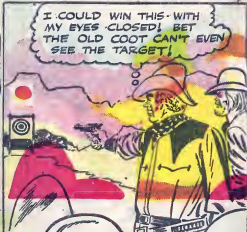
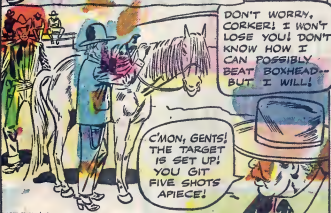


GOOD! WE'LL
GO OVER TO
HASHKNIFE
AND START
OUR MATCH
PRONTO!

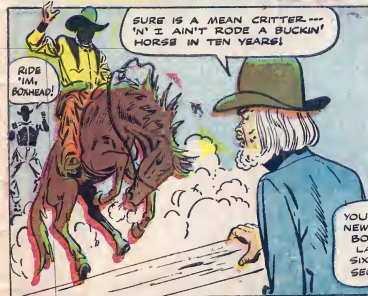
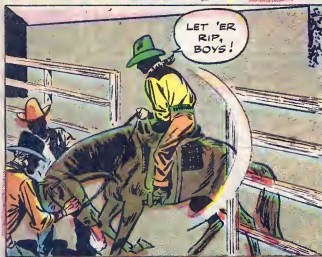
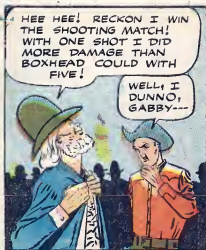
ULPI! WHAT AM
I DOING? WHY
DON'T I KEEP
MY FOOL MOUTH
SHUT?

GABBY HAYES

SOON, AT THE HASHKNIFE RANCH...



GABBY HAYES



GABBY HAYES

THEN GABBY'S TURN COMES----

LOOK AT TICKLISH
BUCK NOW! I NEVER
SEEN HIM SO HET
UP!

HAW! HAW!
THAT'S THE
END OF
GABBY HAYES!

SOON, WHEN GABBY
IS OUT OF SIGHT
OF THE OTHERS--

I-I--!

TICKLISH RACES THROUGH MUD,
DRAGGING GABBY!

HELP! SOME BLACK-HEARTED
OUTLAW TRUSSED ME TO
THIS CRITTER!

SPLUSH!

THE SPEEDING HORSE PLUNGES
THROUGH THORNY BUSHES.

H-HELP!!!

ON AND ON THE HORSE RACES.
FINALLY, IT IS SPENT.

DON'T KNOW WHY,
BUT I'M STILL
ALIVE. A MITE
TUCKERED OUT,
THOUGH.

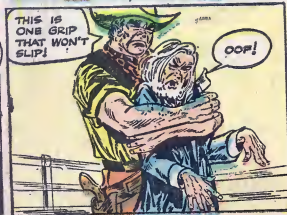
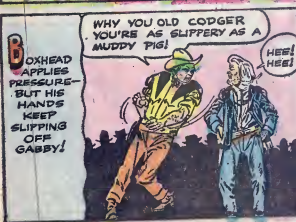
C'MON, HORSE,
I'M RIDIN'
YOU BACK!

SOON...

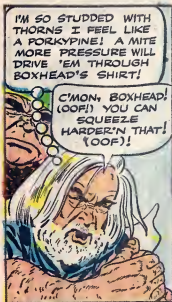
LOOK! HE'S
ALIVE! AND
STILL RIDING
TICKLISH!

HMPH!
THIS IS
GOING TOO
FAR!

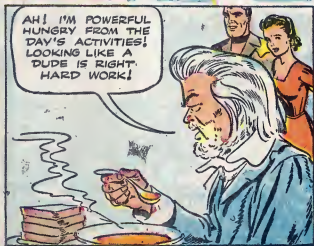
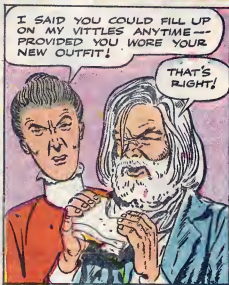
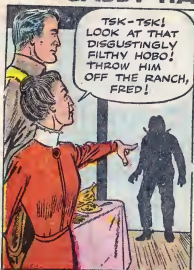
GABBY HAYES



GABBY HAYES



GABBY HAYES



MUSKETEERS OF THE WEST!

IN
THE
TESTS

WHEN YOUR PARENTS DIED OUT HERE IN THE WILDERNESS, MANY MOONS AGO, WE FOUND YOU AS BABIES AND RAISED YOU AS OUR OWN TRIBAL BROTHERS. BUT NOW THE TIME HAS COME FOR YOU TO PROVE YOU ARE REALLY MEN -- TRUE WARRIORS!

YES, GREAT CHIEF, WE HAVE WAITED FOR THIS DAY WHEN WE CAN PROVE OUR RIGHT TO GO FORTH INTO THE WORLD AS MEN. WE ARE READY!

AT THE CAMP OF ONE OF THE TETON-DAKOTA TRIBES, A STORY THAT BEGAN MANY YEARS BEFORE IS DRAWING TO A CLOSE AS THREE YOUNG, WHITE LADS STAND BEFORE THE INDIAN CHIEF!

YOU EACH MAY CHOOSE ONE THING IN WHICH YOU CAN DISPLAY YOUR SKILL. HAVE YOU CHOSEN?

YES, CHIEF. I, MARK, WILL STAND UPON MY MARKSMANSHIP!

AND I, BUCK, WILL USE MY SPEED TO OUTWRESTLE THE CHAMPION WRESTLER!

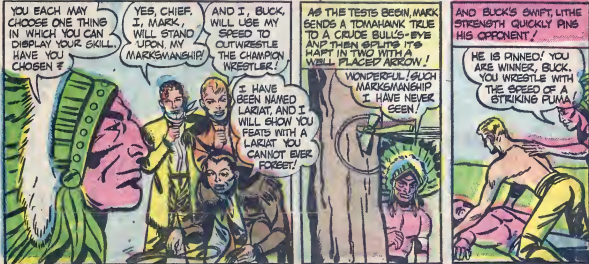
I HAVE BEEN NAMED LARIAT, AND I WILL SHOW YOU FEATS WITH A LARIAT YOU CANNOT EVER FORESEE!

AS THE TESTS BEGIN, MARK SENDS A TOMAHAWK TRUE TO A CRUDE BULL'S-EYE AND THEN SPLITS IT'S HAPT IN TWO WITH A WELL PLACED ARROW!

WONDERFUL! SUCH MARKSMANSHIP I HAVE NEVER SEEN!

AND BUCK'S SWIFT, LITHE STRENGTH QUICKLY PINS HIS OPPONENT!

HE IS PINNED! YOU ARE WINNER, BUCK. YOU WRESTLE WITH THE SPEED OF A STRIKING PUMA!



GABBY HAYES

WHILE LAST, LARIAT TOSSES A LASSO IN A FEAT TO BRING GABBY FROM THE WATCHERS!



MARK, BUCK AND LARIAT, YOU HAVE DONE WELL! BUT THERE IS ANOTHER TEST YOU MUST PASS TOGETHER. YOU MUST PROVE YOURSELVES WOODSMEN AND TRACKERS!



THE YOUNG BRAVE, RUNNING BROOK, HAS GONE INTO THE WOODS TO HIDE, TO LOSE HIMSELF. YOU MUST FIND HIM AND RETURN HIM HERE BEFORE THE SUN SETS.



MOMENTS LATER, MARK, BUCK AND LARIAT ARE IN THE WOODED FASTNESS!



AND SOON---



WHEN SUDDENLY---



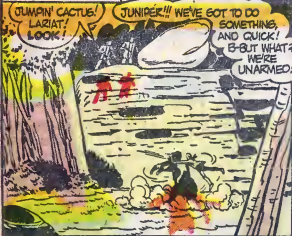
GABBY HAYES



BUT JUST THEN, ON A WOODED RIDGE JUST ABOVE THE CLEARING---

"JUMPIN' CACTUS!
LARIAT! LOOK!"

"JUNIPER!!! WE'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING, AND QUICK! B-BUT WHAT? WE'RE UNARMED!"



"C'MON, THIS BOULDER--- START PUSHING! IT'LL CRASH RIGHT DOWN THERE! YELL TO MARK TO JUMP CLEAR THE SECOND YOU FEEL IT GO OVER THE EDGE!"

"RIGHT, BUCK!"



"THERE SHE GOES!"

"MARK! JUMP... GET OFF HIM! QUICK, MARK!"



MARK HEARS THE CRY JUST IN TIME TO LEAP FROM THE BEAR AS THE BOULDER PLUMMETS DOWN!

"KARASHH-H!"



SECONDS LATER, WHEN BUCK AND LARIAT HAVE SCRAMBLED DOWN FROM THE RIDGE---

"I WENT INTO A CAVE TO HIDE FROM YOU... THE BEAR WAS IN IT. I AM LUCKY YOU WERE ON MY TRAIL AND FOUND ME, MARK!"

"AND I'M LUCKY BUCK AND LARIAT GOT HERE WHEN THEY DID. NOW WE'LL HAVE YOU BACK TO CAMP IN NO TIME, RUNNING BROOK, AND GET THAT LEG FIXED!"



LATER, BACK AT CAMP, MARK ON HIS BLACK STALLION, BUCK ON HIS PALAMINO AND LARIAT ON HIS RED ROAN, RECEIVE THE OLD CHIEF'S BLESSINGS!

"TRULY, YOU HAVED PROVED YOURSELVES REAL WARRIORS AND HUNTERS. SO OUT INTO THE WORLD WITH OUR BLESSINGS AND OUR HEARTS, TRIBAL BROTHERS."

"NEVER WILL WE FORGET ALL YOU HAVE DONE FOR US, GREAT CHIEF. WE GO TO HELP TO BRING LASTING FRIENDSHIP BETWEEN OUR TWO PEOPLES... THE WHITE SETTLERS AND OUR FOSTER FATHERS, THE REDMEN."



AND SO, MARK, BUCK AND LARIAT RIDE SLOWLY INTO THE SUNSET. A NEW LIFE IS BEGINNING FOR THEM, BUT THEY LEAVE THEIR HEARTS WITH THEIR INDIAN HOME AND FRIENDS.



*BE SURE TO SEE THE NEXT ISSUE OF GABBY HAYES WESTERN WHICH WILL BE ON SALE SOON...

Ricky Rover Finds A Pal



BUCK DESMOND LIKED most people. And they usually liked him—just because he was an easy-going, soft-spoken cow waddy, with a joke for every youngster, and a crumbling lump of sugar for every horse.

Buck was a born drifter. Wearing a battered gray Stetson, and a weatherbeaten blue Levi jacket, he rambled from town to town, leading a string of cow ponies. The string never looked the same from one week to the next . . . because Buck could never refuse a good trade. Cowhands used to say that if Buck Desmond ever married, he'd probably trade his wife for a good-looking pinto pony. Chances are they'd have been right!

YES, BUCK USUALLY liked most people.

But now, as he rode into the little town of Prairie Wells, he saw a man that he decided he did not like. A big man, red-faced, with the brawny, knotted arm of a blacksmith—standing by a horse trough, cuffing a small boy. Buck Desmond reined in his pony and watched for a moment. The boy was beginning to cry, but still the big man held him and continued to hit him with short, mean, punishing blows.

Slowly, Buck Desmond dismounted. He walked over to the man and tapped him on the shoulder.

"Let go of that kid," he said, in his usual easy-going manner.

The big man turned around ponderously. Tiny eyes gleamed angrily in his red, swollen face, and his jowls were unshaven. He looked Buck up and down—and evidently saw nothing to worry him.

"Where I come from, Mister," he said heavily, "we mind our own business. Savvy?"

Buck Desmond nodded, and tipped his gray Stetson back "I savvy," he repeated. "An' where I come from, big men don't beat up little kids! Touch him ag'in, and I'll show yuh why!"

With an angry curse, the big man moved into action. Surprisingly quick, he swung a hard right that slammed with mule-kick impact against Buck's jaw. His left followed, driving the wind out of the drifter's

chest, and teetering him backward on rubbery-weak legs. Buck's back slammed against the horse-trough. Recovering himself, he ducked a roundhouse right from the big man, and thudded a right to his stomach.

The other man blinked a little, and charged back in, his fists flailing like pistons. But now Buck was ready for him. Again he avoided the oncoming blows—and smashed a hard right-and-left combination that stopped the giant in his tracks. Now Buck lunged forward. A powerful left to the heart, and a stunning right punch that jarred the big man's jaw and slumped him to the dusty roadway.

Buck looked down at him contemptuously, as he lay there, gasping for breath, his little eyes blinking. Then Buck turned to the boy who had stood by during the fight. He put his lean, bronzed hand on the boy's shoulder.

"Kid," he asked, "what's yore name?"

"Rick," the boy replied. "Rick Rover."

Buck grinned. "Good enough! I don't think yore old man will be beatin' yuh up ag'in, for quite a while. Mebbe he's learned a lesson for hisself!" Gracefully, Buck swung into his saddle, and waved his hand at the boy. "So long, Ricky." His spurs touched the pony's sides gently. "An' good luck!"

BUCK NEVER EXPECTED to see either the boy or the man again. But that night, as he camped in a dry river bed, some twenty miles from Prairie Wells, he was due for a surprise. For there, standing in the pale glow of the firelight, was a small, hesitant form . . . the boy of the afternoon. He was clutching the rein of a dusty, shaggy pony.

"Well, I'll be hornsw—" Buck exclaimed. "Come here, son!"

The boy came forward, right up to the fire. "I—I follered you," he said. "All th' way from town . . . on my pony. I reckoned you'd stop an' camp about here."

Buck Desmond's brow knitted.

"But you cain't do that, boy. You cain't run away from yore dad like that . . . even if he has been beatin' yuh up."

"He ain't my dad," Ricky said. "I'm an

orphan. His name's Floyd Barlow. He's been takin' care of me—takin' me along with him. But he ain't my dad!"

"I see . . ." Buck frowned. "But still, yuh can't run away from him like that. Tomorrow, jest as soon as it turns light—yuh have tuh go back tuh him! That's th' only right thing tuh do!"

Suddenly, one of the horses in Buck's remuda whinnied shrilly. Buck turned, eyes straining into the night. There, coming along the trail, he could make out the dark shape of a rider. Was it the boy's foster-father—Floyd Barlow? No! It was several riders—and one of them wore the gleaming silver badge of a lawman. They rode right up to the edge of the fire, and the gray-haired man in the lead nodded down at Buck.

"Evenin'," he said. "Sorry tuh disturb yuh."

"That's all right, Sheriff," Buck said. "Can I help yuh?"

The rider inclined his head. "I hope yuh can. I'm Sheriff Newton, from Prairie Wells. I'm lookin' for a feller rode through there this afternoon. Folks recognized him from a poster in the Post Office. He's wanted back in Kansas for a stage coach robbery an' murder, couple o' years ago."

"What's he look like?" Buck asked.

"Big, red-faced feller. Little eyes. Goes under name of Ferd Bevens—or sometimes Floyd Barlow. Have yuh seen him?"

Buck Desmond shook his head.

"Sorry, Sheriff. I saw him in town this afternoon—but not since then." He looked over at Ricky, crouching silently by the fire. "I'm afraid neither of us can help yuh."

"All right, then," the Sheriff said. "If yuh do see or hear about him, notify us. We'll push on now." He reined his horse away, and in another moment, the posse had disappeared in the night.

Buck turned to the boy. "Ricky, did yuh hear that?" Barlow's wanted for murder! Did yuh know it?"

The boy shook his head. "No—I didn't! But I knew he was worried about some-thin'. He never wanted tuh head East—or even tuh ride through towns. That why he beat me up this afternoon . . . 'cause I rode intuh Prairie Wells—"

"THAT'S RIGHT, RICKY!" a harsh voice grated, from outside the ring of firelight. "Yuh deserved it. But now, I'm achin' tuh git a crack at yore buddy—th' feller who can't mind his own business."

Slowly, into the light, stepped big Floyd Barlow.

He was holding a Colt .45, the muzzle leveled at Buck Desmond's chest. His eyes glittered, pig-like, with ill-concealed triumph.

"I didn't know where yuh wuz headin', when yuh took th' pony this afternoon, Ricky," Barlow said. "But I follered yuh . . . an' I'm glad I did. Because it kep' them posse fellers from grabbin' me . . . an' it's goin' tuh give me a chance tuh git away."

He nodded at the grazing ponies of Buck's string.

"I'm taking three of yore fastest hosses," he said. "An' I'm headin' north, with th' boy. But there won't be any fuss this time . . ." He raised the revolver slightly, and his finger tightened perceptibly on the trigger. "Because, stranger, I'm puttin' yuh out of th' way for good!"

"No! No!" Ricky screamed. "Floyd, yuh wouldn't!"

That momentary interruption was all Buck Desmond needed.

His cowboy boot dug deep into the coals and sent a glowing spray of them toward the big man. As Barlow recoiled, throwing his hand up to his face, to protect himself, Buck hurtled forward.

He drove a heavy right to the outlaw's chest. Barlow grunted, and smashed down hard with his hamlike fist, stunning Buck. Now he grinned, leaped backward, and leveled the gun again. "Take it —" he snarled. But Buck Desmond lunged forward again, under the revolver's sharp challenge. He pinioned the criminal with steel-like arms, and felled him like a huge tree.

Moments later, Buck had twisted his way up, and was pounding relentless blows to Barlow's jaw. A right! A left! A final right—and the big man sagged . . . unconscious. A little dribble of saliva stained his unshaven cheek.

BUCK ROSE TO HIS feet, fists clenching and unclenching. He threw a tired arm around Ricky's shoulder.

"All right, son," he said. "Git on yore pony, and ride after th' sheriff. Tell him we've got his man for him. And then come back hyar with him. I want tuh see whether—whether yuh might like tuh hook up with a new pardner."

The boy turned shining eyes up to Buck.

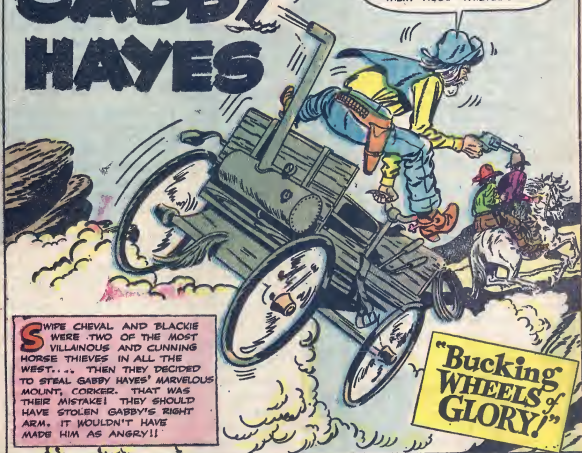
"Yuh mean—with yuh?"

Buck grinned. "Go on, son. Git th' sheriff!"

THE END

GABBY HAYES

THIS CORNTRAPSHUN IS AS ORNERY AS A BUCKING BRONC! BUT I GOTTA KETCH THEM HOSS THIEVES!



SWIPE CHEVAL AND BLACKIE WERE TWO OF THE MOST VILLAINOUS AND CUNNING HORSE THIEVES IN ALL THE WEST... THEN THEY DECIDED TO STEAL GABBY HAYES' MARVELOUS MOUNT, CORKER. THAT WAS THEIR MISTAKE! THEY SHOULD HAVE STOLEN GABBY'S RIGHT ARM. IT WOULDN'T HAVE MADE HIM AS ANGRY!!

SWIPE CHEVAL AND HIS AIDE, BLACKIE, CONSIDER A "BUSINESS PROPOSITION".

THAT'S THE HORSE WE WANT. IT'LL SELL FER A GOOD PRICE.

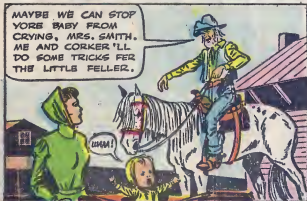
SO THAT'S GABBY HAYES?

HI, TINY! WHY DON'T YOU SELL THAT THING AND BUY A HOSS?

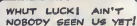
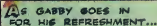
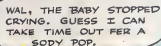
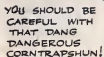
TINY TINKER BLACKBATH



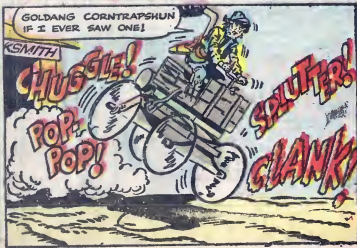
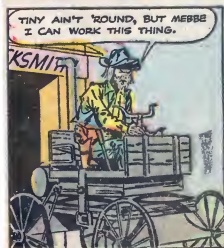
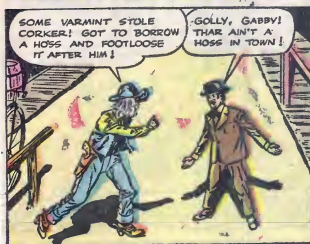
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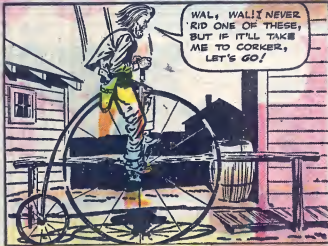
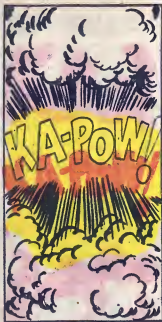
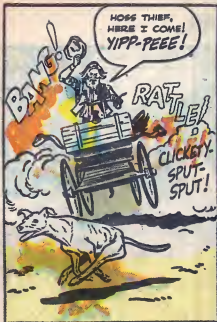
GABBY HAYES



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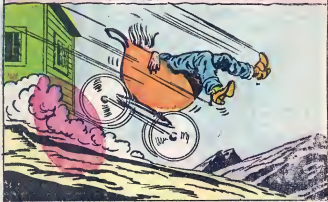
GABBY HAYES



GABBY HAYES



MOMENTARILY STUNNED BY THE BLOW, GABBY IS HELPLESS AS A BABE AS HE ROLLS DOWN THE HILLSIDE!



MEANWHILE, SWIPE CHEVAL AND BLACKIE RIDE ON.

WHUT'LL WE GIT FER THIS TRICK NAG, SWIPE?

PLENTY, BLACKIE! WE'LL SELL HIM TO A CIRCUS!



HEY, LOOK! CLOUD OF DUST! SOMEBODY'S AFTER US!

HUH! YO'RE LOCO, HOMBRE!

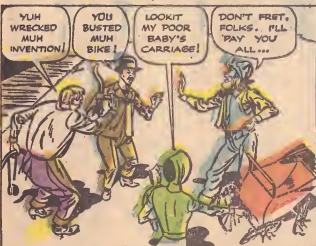
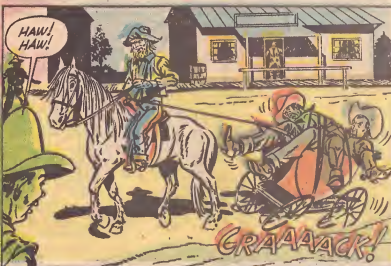


HO, HO! NERVES GITTING YOU, 'BLACKIE? IT'S JEST A BABY CARRIAGE!

WE CAN TAKE IT EASY. NO USE WEARING OUT THIS TRICK HOSS. AND I AIN'T AFEREED OF BABY CARRIAGES!



GABBY HAYES



GABBY HAYES

SADDLEHEAD - A DRIP

YUH CAINT GO HOME IN THIS HYAR RAIN, SADDLEHEAD! YUH'LL GET DRENCHED!



WAL, IF I DONT GO HOME, WHAR WILL I SLEEP?

YUH KIN SLEEP OVER HYAR TONIGHT.



C'MON IN. I'LL FIX UP A BED FER YUH.



IT'S MIGHTY NICE OF JENKINS TUN LET ME SPEND THE NIGHT AT HIS HOUSE.



A FEW MINUTES LATER

MUN? YORE SOAKIN' WET SADDLEHEAD! WHAR'VE YUH BEEN?

WAL, YUH SAID I COULD SLEEP HYAR TONIGHT--



---SO I HAD TUN GO HOME AND GIT MUH NIGHTSHIRT!!



PISTOL PACKIN' PATTIE

A KNOCK OUT!



THERE'S SHOWBOAT HODGES AT IT AGAIN! I SUPPOSE HE'S LYIN' TO THE BOYS AS USUAL.



---AND I CAME TEARIN' OUT OF MUH CORNER! I WENT STRAIGHT AT MUH OPPONENT-- FISTS FLYIN'!



WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT, SHOWBOAT?

DIDN'T YUH HEAR, PATTIE? I HAD A PROFESSIONAL PRIZE-FIGHT LAST WEEK--



---AND WHEN IT WUZ OVER, THE REFEREE PICKED UP MUH HAND.

PICKED UP YOUR HAND, EH? WELL, YOU DID BETTER THAN I THOUGHT YOU WOULD--



---THE ONE TIME I SAW YOU FIGHT, THEY HAD TO PICK UP ALL OF YOU!

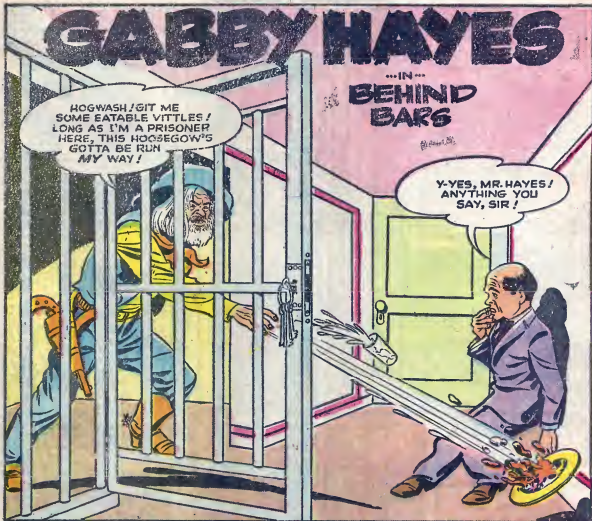


GABBY HAYES

...IN...
**BEHIND
BARS**

HOGWASH / GIT ME
SOME EATABLE VITTLES /
LONG AS I'M A PRISONER
HERE, THIS HOOSEGOW'S
GOTTA BE RUN
MY WAY!

Y-YES, MR. HAYES!
ANYTHING YOU
SAY, SIR!



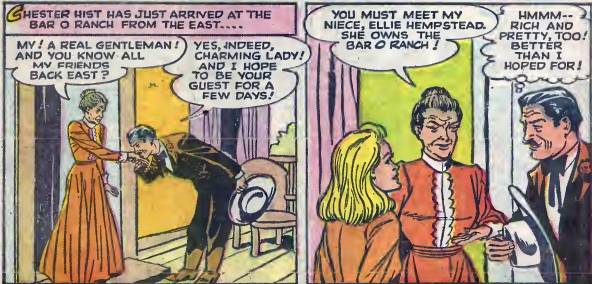
GHESTER HIST HAS JUST ARRIVED AT THE
BAR O RANCH FROM THE EAST....

MY! A REAL GENTLEMAN!
AND YOU KNOW ALL
MY FRIENDS
BACK EAST?

YES, INDEED,
CHARMING LADY!
AND I HOPE
TO BE YOUR
GUEST FOR A
FEW DAYS!

YOU MUST MEET MY
NIECE, ELLIE HEMPSTEAD.
SHE OWNS THE
BAR O RANCH!

HMMM--
RICH AND
PRETTY, TOO!
BETTER
THAN I
HOPED FOR!



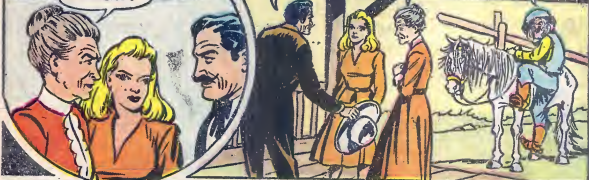
GABBY HAYES

THERE'S A BIG SQUARE DANCE TONIGHT! SHERIFF SLIM DAGGLE IS TAKING ME— BUT ELLIE'S STILL OPEN TO OFFERS!

WELL, MISS ELLIE? MAY I TAKE YOU TO THE DANCE?

OF COURSE!

I'LL BE DING-BUSTED!



DON'T LISTEN TO 'EM, ELLIE! FRED LARSON AIMS TO TAKE YOU LIKE HE ALWAYS DOES!

FRED TAKES ME TOO MUCH FOR GRANTED! HE HASN'T EVEN ASKED ME YET! HE NEEDS A LESSON!

I'LL BE HAPPY TO GO WITH YOU, MR. HIST!

DAD-BLAME IT! YOU OUGHTA MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS, HESTER!

WHO IS THIS HAIRY COWBOY?... BOTH HE AND HIS HORSE NEED HAIRCUTS!



MY VALET, PEEBLES, ALSO SERVES AS A BARBER! HE'LL TRIM THAT DISGUSTING FOLIAGE FROM YOU AND THAT QUEER BEAST!

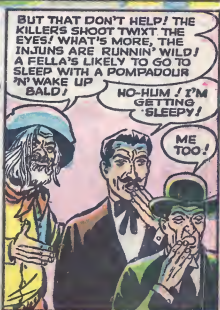
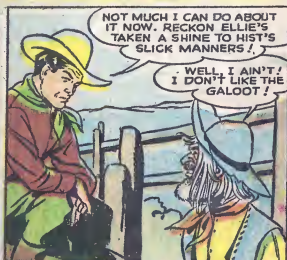
IT'LL BE A BIG JOB, BOSS!

WHEN I'M THROUGH, THE WORLD WILL SEE WHAT YOU REALLY LOOK LIKE!

T
CK!



GABBY HAYES



GABBY HAYES

HMM! RECKON WORDS
DON'T SCARE NOBODY!
BUT ACTION WILL! I'LL
PUT ON A SHOW THAT'LL
TERRIFY 'EM!



LATER, FRED LARSON REMOVES THE PAYROLL FROM THE
SAFE...

THE BOYS WANT SPENDING
MONEY FOR THE SHEBANG
TONIGHT! SURE WISH I HAD
SOMEBODY TO SPEND
MY WAGES ON!

DON'T GRUMBLE,
FRED! ONLY A
GENTLEMAN LIKE
MR. HIST IS
WORTHY OF
ELLIE!



SUDDENLY...
REACH FOR THE SKY,
PARDNERS!



EEEK!
A BANDIT!



C'MON--
REACH!



I'M SURE THAT'S
GABBY! I'LL
LET HIM HAVE
HIS FUN!

I AIN'T GOT A
MAN ALL DAY! KNOW
WHERE I CAN
FIND ONE,
PANTY-
WAIST?

N-NO,
SIR!



I WONDER...
NO! IT CAN'T
BE!

DAD-BURN IT! I'M
THE ROUGHEST
TOUGHEST SHOOTIN'EST
MAN IN THESE PARTS!
I CRAVES A FIGHT!



GABBY HAS
KICKED OFF A
SPUR...

ADIOS,
ALL YOU
VARMINTS!
WHEN I COME
BACK I'LL COME
A-SHOOTING!



GABBY HAYES



THE RANGE AIN'T SAFE WITH A TOUGH HOMBRE LIKE THAT ON THE PROWL!

AHA! THAT SPUR LOOKS FAMILIAR! NOW I BEGIN TO UNDERSTAND!

SLAM!

UNAWARE THAT HE HAS BEEN FOLLOWED, GABBY RESTS IN A THICKET...

SOON AS HE AND HIS PAL ARE GONE I'LL GO BACK TO THE BAR O AND HAND IN THE MONEY!

I WAS RIGHT! THE OLD COWBOY PULLED A PHONY HOLDUP BUT NOW HIS STUNT WILL BACKFIRE!



NICE OF YOU TO STEAL THE DOUGH FOR US!

WHEN GABBY REVIVES...

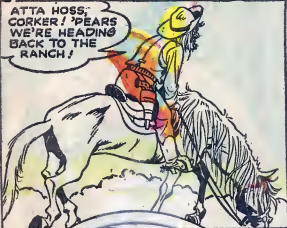
ULP! THE MONEY'S GONE! SNEAKING CROOK DONE THAT?



CORKER, MY FATE IS IN YOUR NOSE! SNIFF OUT THAT CROOK'S TRAIL! IF I DON'T GET THE PAYROLL BACK FOLKS'LL THINK I REALLY AM A CROOK!



HUNTING DOGS HAVE NOTHING ON CORKER!



CORKER'S UNERRING NOSE LEADS TO THE GUILTY PAIR...



OF COURSE! YOU COULDN'T BE THE BANDIT! IMPOSSIBLE!



IT-- IT'S GABBY'S!

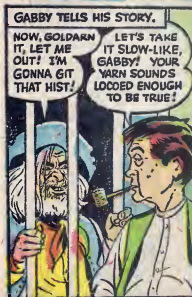
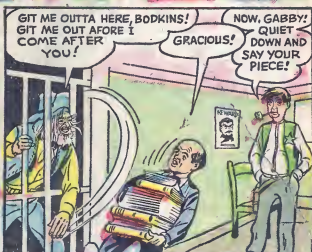


COURSE I TOOK THE MONEY-- BUT I AIN'T THE CROOK! NEVER STOLE A PENNY IN MY LIFE!

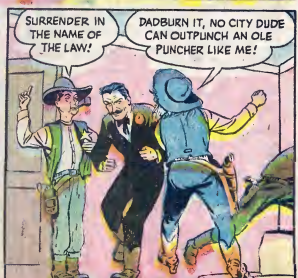
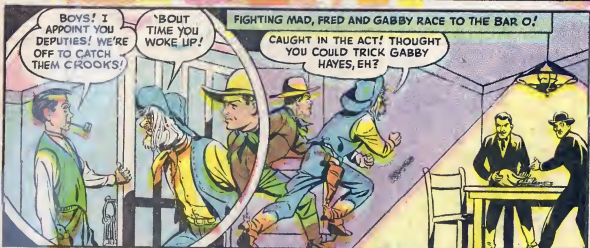


AW, HESTER!

GABBY HAYES



GABBY HAYES



GABBY HAYES

THERE! THAT'LL PUT THE GABBY HAYES' BRAND ON YOU!



I HOPE ELLIE DON'T MIND MY BUSTING HER ESCORT'S JAW!



SOON ---
GIT ALONG, VARMINTS!

SORRY, MISS HESTER, CAN'T TAKE YOU TO THE DANCE WITH THIS SHINER!



FRED'S GOING TO TAKE ME, AUNT HETTIE!

WHAT!? AND LEAVE ME HERE ALL ALONE?



I FORBID IT! IF I CAN'T GO, YOU CAN'T GO!

DOGGONE IT! FRED 'N' ELLIE GOT THEIR HEARTS SET ON IT! I CAN'T LET THE OLD BATTLE-AXE STOP 'EM!



I'LL MAKE THE 500-PREME SACRYFICE!

HESTER, LET'S YOU 'N' ME GO TO THE SHEBANG! PROVIDED YOU LET ELLIE GO WITH FRED!

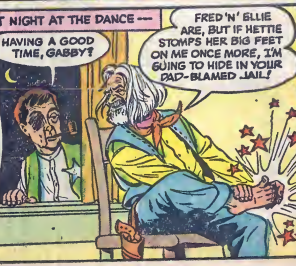
WHY, GABBY! I'D LOVE TO!



THAT NIGHT AT THE DANCE ---

HAVING A GOOD TIME, GABBY?

FRED 'N' ELLIE ARE, BUT IF HETTIE STOMPS HER BIG FEET ON ME ONCE MORE, I'M GOING TO HIDE IN YOUR PAD-BLAMED JAIL!



CACTUS



WHY DO YUH LOOK SO DOWNHEARTED, CACTUS BRAIN?

ER, I SEVERED RELATIONS WITH THE DOUBLE CIRCLE RANCH!

GENERAL STORE

YUH SEVERED RELATIONS, EH? YUH MEAN YUH GOT FIRED?

ER, ER—WAL, YES, IF YUH WANT TUN PUT IT THEY WAY!

PUT IT ANY WAY YUH LIKE, BUT IF YO'RE LOOKING FER A NEW JOB, YUH CAN TRY AT HANK HANKUM'S WAREHOUSE! HE'S SHORT ONE MAN NOW!

WAL, THEY SOUNDS INTERESTING! I'LL AMBLE OVER AND SEE IF IT'S THE KIND OF WORK SUITABLE FER A MAN OF MY ABILITY!

HANK HANKUM'S WAREHOUSE

A FEW MINUTES LATER...

YUP, THAR'S A JOB OPEN HYAR! IF YUH'D LIKE, I'LL GIVE YUH A CHANCE AT IT!

NOT SO FAST, MR. HANKUM! FUST I WANT TUN KNOW IF THE WORK IS GOO? ENOUGH FER ME! YUH SEE, I'M ONLY INTERESTED IN A KEY JOB!

HANK HANKUM'S WAREHOUSE

DON'T WORRY, CACTUS BRAIN! I KNOW ALL ABOUT YUH AND I WOULDN'T GIVE YUH ANYTHING BUT A KEY JOB!

REALLY! YO'RE AGONNA GIVE ME A KEY JOB?

SHORE---YUH CAN LOCK THE DOORS AT NIGHT!

HANKUM'S WAREHOUSE

GABBY HAYES

